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HYMNS FROM THE EAST

BEING

CENTOS AND SUGGESTIONS

FROM THE SERVICE BOOKS

OF THE HOLY EASTERN CHURCH

WITH

INTRODUCTION

BY THE

REV. JOHN BROWNLIE

Author of

"Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church Hymnary"
"Hymns of the Greek Church," "Hymns from the Greek Office Books,"
"Hymns of the Holy Eastern Church"
&c., &c.

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INTRODUCTION

THIS fourth series of Hymns from the Office Books of The Holy Eastern Church, differs from the preceding three in this, that the hymns are less translations or renderings, and more centos and suggestions.

One cannot continue long to interest himself in any work, and receive from time to time the observations and criticisms of his fellows, without, if he have his eyes and mind open to receive impressions, feeling himself impelled to alter his methods in some particular or other.

In previous volumes the author has been careful to give, for the most part, carefully executed—that is to say, truthfully rendered translations from the originals. Work of that kind is useful, and absolutely necessary for certain purposes ; but, unless for the hymnologist, or for the liturgiologist, it is far from being attractive. To be true,

renderings can hardly be graceful, and they must lack much of the literary charm which attaches itself to productions which are more untrammelled. Hence, unless, as has been said, to the few who are specialists, translations are not much in favour. They have earned a reputation, and that reputation adheres to them: they are cold and uninspiring. Such is their reputation, not always just, but who can say that it has not, on the whole, been earned?

Perhaps it would be wrong to say that there is any prejudice against translations from the Greek or any other language whatever, as such. The reluctance to welcome translations is really reluctance to welcome poems which do not find their way to the heart. For this reason there is perhaps not more than a score of translations which have won their way from permanent hymnals to a permanent place in the affections of our devout fellow-countrymen. In this connection it is to be noted that we speak of *translations*, and not of *suggestions* such as, "Art thou weary," or "O, happy band of pilgrims," and many others, which have

advanced into great favour, and are termed translations, but are not.

True hymns are sacred lyrics, and a lyric to be lyrical and heart appealing, must be *inevitable*. It must be the spontaneous expression of the heart of the author—an expression which *had* to come. It is the latent secret of the power of true hymns, for what *must* be uttered will assuredly, sooner or later, find its way to some heart. Such jets of living poetry must be awaited: they cannot be forced. But a translator must deliberately sit down at his desk and work —manufacture, if you will—and endeavour to turn on the lathe of graceful culture, elegancies which readers may admire, but will never feel.

Perhaps translators from the Greek have a singular temptation to eschew. Hymns from the Offices have to be created in Greek, as has been pointed out in a former Introduction, before they can be the source of living poetic inspiration. No doubt the necessity of forming a cento is also the privilege, but it may easily entice a translator to be satisfied with a lifeless stringing of inept

fragments. All this and much more has been brought home to the writer times without number.

If one would have his work to be permanently useful; if he would aim at any particular employment of his hymns, he must observe the conditions which such an aim implies. A translator who aims at the use of his work in public worship, must aim at pellucid simplicity both of phraseology and of structure; and if they are to be widely, permanently, or deservedly popular, they must be gifted with becoming grace. This cannot be done in translations pure and simple. The present collection gives the result of an experiment. The Greek has been used as a basis, a theme, a motive; oriental colour, and it is to be hoped some of the oriental warmth has been preserved. Now and again an oriental figure is retained, and to those who have any knowledge of the worship of the Eastern Church, it must be obvious that the peculiar themes of her praise are in abundant evidence.

What, then, is the net result? To an unpractised eye, if no indication of the source of these hymns had been given, could anything

about them have suggested their source? To the unpractised eye, nothing. But no one who knows the Greek Offices will travel far before he overtakes well-known landmarks. This is just as it should be. It is sufficient that a fertile source of suggestion has been found—of theme, thought, form, colour—and that from this ancient source it is possible to procure much that is beautiful for the adornment of the worship of God's house to-day. And this gratifying fact is made plain, that the themes of Greek Church praise are the grand themes of the praise of the Church in our land and in all Christian lands ;—The Christ in all the Might and Glory of His Person and Work : the need of our humanity, and the way in which Christ met it : His miraculous birth, which is not shorn of any of its mystery, and the embellishments of the event, which are never toned down, but, in true oriental fashion, made, if possible, more dazzling : His Passion and His Death, and the fulness of their atoning efficacy. But, as is to be expected, the grand theme of the Greek singers, as became those who, more than we have done,

caught the first inspiration of their praise from the apostles, is the glorious Resurrection of our Lord from the dead. Here, the praise of the Greek Church touches its highest note, and pours forth its most enchanting melody. "Christ is risen," and the glad response, "He is risen indeed"—these words constitute the keynote of all that is best and most beautiful in Greek worship. The Knowledge and the Wisdom of God are everywhere extolled, and the attribute of Light is continually and cordially applied to the Deity.

One cannot acquaint himself with the Church of the Apostles, with its glowing service, and with the noble stand it has made, and still maintains, for the truth of God and for the Kingdom of Christ in the world, and not feel pained with the fact, so little to the credit of the Church of the West, that, of our sympathy it has little or none. This is largely due to our ignorance. But is ignorance in many cases not culpable? Is it not so in our case? A little more acquaintance with the Eastern Church would vastly alter

our attitude towards it, and speedily remove most of our prejudices.

More than once have we listened to depreciations of the Greek Church, and the epithet "stagnant" has always been incorporated as a first-rate misdemeanour of the Orthodox Church of the East. The assumption in the epithet is that the Greek Church is not missionary and aggressive, and the implication is that it has been so from earliest times. Until men acquaint themselves with the history of this Church, and open their eyes to facts which are readily accessible, it is useless to attempt to lift them out of their prejudices.

How much did the Church of the East suffer by the great Roman schism of 1054! After, in the words of Dr. A. van Millingen, in his *Byzantine Constantinople*, having in "the empire of which New Rome was the capital, defended the higher life of mankind against the attacks of formidable antagonists, and rendered eminent service to the cause of human welfare;" after having elaborated the Christian doctrines and formed the creed of Christendom for the world, she was shorn

of much of her strength by the departure of the West. The spring, and energy, and enterprise were largely taken from her. No fault of hers that she was left with the meditative souls who could ponder the mysteries of God, but could not trade in the merchandise of the Kingdom. So she was left in possession of her splendid attainment, without the aptitude to fit herself to aggressive enterprise, while Rome, with all the qualifications which have fitted her for an aggressive task, has made for herself a place and a name which have eclipsed the glory of the old home. And so we forget the Church of the Apostles, to which we owe so much.

But worse. How much did the Church of the East suffer, and how much does she still suffer, by the overthrow of the empire by the Turks in 1453—by the overthrow of the empire, and the domination of a powerful, unscrupulous, and fanatical race, down through the 600 years succeeding! How would the Church in these islands have stood such fiery trials? Would we have continued an enterprising missionary Church through

it all? It might be good for us to try to understand that, when a despotic Sultan stands over you, allowing you to breathe on condition of no proselytising, the conditions are not favourable to well advertised missionary effort. All that can be done in such circumstances, and under such conditions, is to hold fast to the faith, and let the light shine, which the Greek Church actually does.

Since the tenth century, Russia stands to the credit of Greek missionaries. Not that Russia can be considered much credit in the meantime by the West; but the ground for hope in Russia is the Christian element that has entered into her national life. And our Protestantism has not yet succeeded on the same national scale in missionary effort, a fact which ought to incline us to think less of the stagnation of the Greek Church. But why refer specially to Russia as a product of Greek missionary effort? Would Rome, or the Church of the Reformation in the West, be what they are to-day, but for the zeal and devotion of that Church in bygone days?

It is an easy matter for us in these days, with our national liberty and recognition of the Christian faith; with the noble souls around us who are the products of centuries of grace; with wealth, and all that Christian work calls for to its aid, to look disparagingly upon the Church of the East, the mother of us all, as she lies in sore straits despoiled of her splendour, and trampled under the heel of the Turk. Well we know the theory of cross-bearing, but, in comparison with the Church of the East from the very earliest down to the present day, we know but little of its practice. Our laurels are not too firmly knit upon our brows: let us take heed, and let us exercise the grace of charity and a spirit of sympathy.

But our prejudices, which are, as usual, due to imperfect knowledge, culpable or otherwise, charge this Church, which claims to be Orthodox, with being heretical in doctrine and worship. To put the common view, this Church, which is the repository of Apostolic doctrine, and from which we, in common with others, have derived, has, along with the truth, a large admixture of error,

which renders her dangerous and to be avoided.

We, who plume ourselves on the orthodoxy of our doctrines and purity of worship, have a remarkable facility for detecting and magnifying the errors of others : of creating them where they do not exist, and of exaggerating them where they do. This facility has this advantage, that it keeps our eyes away from ourselves and from the errors which are nearer home. Like the beams of the winter sun which have little warmth in them, the line of our vision is somewhat oblique.

This is a subject much too large to occupy our attention to any extent here. It may be enough to remark in regard to the major charges, that nowhere does the Eastern Church address worship, either to the Mother of our Lord, or to the saints and angels. They are venerated and invoked, but worshipped, never. Worship, as we understand it, is addressed to the Triune God, and to Him alone. This is a rather dangerous subject to touch, and this is not the place to safely approach it ; but it may suffice to say that we might be a

great deal the better, and none the worse, and it might be comforting and strengthening in times of affliction and trial, to realise more than we do, that our Lord wore our flesh when He sojourned with us on the earth, and that He derived His humanity from Mary. We might thus even be induced to use Her name with greater veneration and affection than have yet characterised our references to Her, when these have had to be made, and so aid the fulfilment of Her own prophecy, "Behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed." And might it not be good for us to remember that there *are* saints and angels, and that we are "compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses?" Who doubts the fact? Do not they who tacitly ignore the existence of the Blessed Dead?

If any of the hymns contained in this volume should touch the heart of anyone who reads them, or, better still, at any future time, sings them, may he, as he remembers the source from which they have come, think reverently and sympathetically of the struggling Church of the East.

HYMNS FROM THE EAST

MORNING

I

Now, God of Light, the morn appears,
And life revives, and beauty glows ;
The night has gone with all its fears,
And lo ! the light in brightness grows.

II

Thine be the glory, God of Light,
For all the joy from morn that springs ;
O may a morn dispel each night,
And bless our lives with beauteous things.

III

Give us this day the light that dwells
In every heart Thy presence fills ;
That night with all its fears dispels,
And life, and hope, and joy instils.

IV

Then shall our nights no darkness bring,
But morn, bright morn, for ever shine;
And when night spreads her dusky wings,
More bright shall be the light divine.

V

All praise to Thee, the God of Light;
All praise to Christ, the glorious Son;
And to the Spirit, Lord of might,
Now, and while endless ages run.

I

Up, up, my soul! with gladness rise,
And greet the ever-brightening skies.
The morn hath come, sweet morn, awake!
And from thy pinions slumber shake.

II

Pure as the morn God's presence shines;
Love like its beams, thy life entwines;
Richer the gifts thy God bestows
Than morning beauty can disclose.

III

Sweet as the breath that fans the bowers,
And stirs the leaves and opening flowers,
Comes with the morn, the breath divine
To stir thee, slumbering soul of mine.

IV

O Thou, the Morn, the Light, the Sun,
With Thee be every day begun ;
Brightness shall clothe my life always,
And fill my soul with grateful praise.

V

Glory to Thee, O Christ! my Lord,
Light of my soul, Incarnate Word!
Come with the morn, abide alway,
And cheer my course to endless day.

I

The saffron tints appear,
The morning comes—'tis here.
Wipe slumber from thine eyes,
Behold the sun arise!

II

Clad in his garb of gold,
Bright as he shone of old;
Beams o'er the heavens extend,
Shafts from his orb descend.

III

Sun, that in morning light
Rises, nor sinks in night,
Shine in my soul alway,
Make there an endless day.

IV

Life for my deadness give;
Shine, that my soul may live;
Joy to my sorrow bring;
Light on Thy glowing wing.

V

If 'neath the cloud I lie,
Darkness obscure my sky;
Yet, may my faith behold
Glints of the hidden gold.

VI

Father, to Thee, always,
And Holy Ghost, be praise;
Glory, while ages run,
To Thee, O Christ! our Sun.

I

Now glows the morn in beauty rare,
O haste my soul to fervent prayer,
And let the wings of morning raise
To God the tribute of thy praise.

II

The night is gone; now disappear
The clouds that hung in threatening near;
Day comes apace, and terrors flee,
For light illumes the earth and sea.

III

O soul dismayed! when darkness fills
The dismal days with darkling ills,
Rest in the calm the promise gives,
That Christ, thy Light and Glory, lives.

IV

Morn shall appear and scatter night ;
Light shall appear in noonday might.
Strong in the joy the daylight brings,
Soul, thou shalt rise on glowing wings.

V

Morn of my soul, O Christ, Thou art ;
Light of my life ; my drooping heart
Sings, when Thy countenance benign
Shines as the joys of noonday shine.

EVENING

I

When night her sable curtain spreads,
And darkness falls on sea and land,
In silent beauty, o'er our heads,
The stars shine grand.

II

The orb of day his race hath run,
But see what glory comes to view,
As, full of radiance, one by one,
The stars shine true.

III

Now bright their silver light appears,
And reverent eyes behold the sight;
Hope lights the darkness of our fears—
The stars shine bright.

IV

When on our life the curtain falls,
And fast descends a threatening night,
Then, lest dismay the soul appals,
The stars shine bright.

V

O great the wisdom, great the power,—
God draws the curtains of the night,
And, in the dark and lonesome hour,
The stars shine bright.

VI

The glory and the truth of God,
His lovingkindness and His care,—
Such is the light He sheds abroad,
His stars shine rare.

I

A CROWN of gold surpassing rare,
The western hills, in beauty, wear;
And earth and sea reflect the light,
That fades before th' approach of night.

II

O Glorious Sun! whose peerless ray
Illumes the realm of endless day,
Shine on a world where darkness dwells,
And all the joy of day dispels.

III

Soft o'er the land the twilight creeps;
Night falls apace, and nature sleeps;
O let not night my life control,
And plunge in sleep my drowsy soul.

IV

Sleep to the weary pilgrim give,
But let the soul through slumber live;
Wake when the first faint gleam of morn
Tells that another day is born.

V

Light of my life! bid night depart,
Sing to my soul, and cheer my heart;
That morn, and noon, and night may be
One beauteous day of joy to me.

VI

And when the brighest morn shall break,
And bid the eternal day awake,
O Glorious Sun! in radiance shine,
To guard from night the realm divine.

CHRISTMAS

CAROL*

καὶ Ποιμένες εἶδον τὸ θαῦμα,
Ἀγγέλων ἀνυμνούντων, καὶ λεγόντων·
Δόξα

I

THE Lord of Life to earth came down,—
Come, gaily sound His praises high;
O 'twas a day of high renown,
While angels praise Him in the sky.

* This carol has been set to excellent and appropriate music by Mr. Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood, Essex, and is published by Novello & Co., London. It is noteworthy that Mr. Brown is honourably associated with Eastern Hymnody by his tune, *St. Anatolius*, which was composed for Dr. Neale's rendering of the Greek evening hymn, τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών, "The day is past and over"; and also by *Orthodoxus* and *Apostolicus*, which were composed for THE EKTENE and THE LITANY OF THE DEACON respectively; and by *St. Stythians*, composed for βασιλεῦ οὐρανιε παράκλητε, "O King, enthroned on high"—renderings by the present author, all of which find a place in the new edition of CHURCH HYMNS.

Refrain.

The shepherds saw a wondrous sight,
In Bethlehem's fields at even,
When, lo! a star, in radiance bright,
Shed o'er the plains its glorious light,
And angel bands, harmonious quite,
His praises sang from heaven.

II

Say, came He forth by myriads led?—
Come, gaily sound his praises high;
A crown of gold upon his head?
While angels praise Him in the sky.

Refrain.

III

Of earthly pomp the Lord had none,—
Come, gaily sound His praises high;
His kingly crown had not been won,
While angels praise Him in the sky.

Refrain.

IV

A little child the Lord became,—
Come, gaily sound His praises high,
To bear our guilt, and share our shame,
While angels praise Him in the sky.
Refrain.

V

O Jesu, Who in manger lay,—
Come, gaily sound his praises high,
Make me a little child to-day,
While angels praise Thee in the sky.
Refrain.

VI

And may I come, with spirit meet,—
Come, gaily sound His praises high,
To lay my tribute at Thy feet,
While angels praise Thee in the sky.
Refrain.

VII

To Father, Spirit, One with Christ,—
Come, gaily sound His praises high,
Be endless praise, Whose love sufficed,
While angels praise Him in the sky.
Refrain.

CAROL *

εὐφράνθητι Ἰερουσαλὴμ

I

Jerusalem, rejoice!
Keep festival and sing;
All ye who dwell in Zion's courts,
Bring forth an offering.

Rejoice, rejoice,
Jerusalem, rejoice;
And sing with glee, right merrily,
Let every heart and voice.

II

To-day the chain is loosed
That long hath bound our race,
The condemnation is removed
Through God's abounding grace.

Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

* Music by Mr. Arthur Henry Brown.

III

The gates of heaven are wide,
And Satan's work undone;
For She * who fell beneath his power,
Now gives the world God's Son.

Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

IV

O depth of riches great!
O height of wisdom strong!
O knowledge of the Living God,
To right such grievous wrong!

Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

V

Now, let creation sing
And leap, nor brook control,
For Christ hath come to call it back,
And save each ruined soul.

Rejoice, rejoice,
Jerusalem rejoice;
And sing with glee, right merrily,
Let every heart and voice.

* Woman.

I

The best that heaven could bring—
First fruits, an offering free—
Was brought from far, when, by the star,
The wise men came to Thee.

II

No sceptre, and no throne!
The magi were amazed,
As, with surprise, on humble guise
And poverty, they gazed.

III

But there Thy God-head shone,
Despite the manger bed;
O Christ, the Lord, Incarnate Word!
'Twas there Thou laid'st Thy head.

I

Out from the rising of the sun,
O'er tracts of desert wild,
The Magi came on journey lone,
To seek the heaven-born child;
The star o'erhead their footsteps led,
And hope their way beguiled.

II

They bore Him costly gifts of gold,
And myrrh and spices sweet:
"For He is King," they had been told,
Whom they would meekly greet;
And they would go, in reverence low,
And worship at His feet.

III

O humble Child, in manger laid!
The wise beheld Thee there,
And reverently their homage paid,
And gave their offerings rare.
Their quest was found, and to the ground
They bowed the head in prayer.

IV

O Jesu, who in manger lay,
The Son of God most high,
Let me my humble homage pay,
And bring my offerings nigh,
And humbly greet Thee at Thy feet,
And low in worship lie.

EASTER

I

O WOEFUL hour! when from the night
Emerged in wrath Satanic might,
To crush the Christ, whom God in heaven,
To raise our fallen race, had given.

II

O woeful hour! when, with the scorn
Of sinful men, His soul was torn;
When sin exulting bowed the knee,
And stung the Christ with mockery.

III

O woeful hour! when to the tree
The Christ was nailed in agony;
When anguish for our sin He bore,
And thorns His throbbing temples tore.

IV

O woeful hour! O darkest day!
The God-Man, still, entombed lay,
For death his cruel shaft had driven
To quell the hope our God had given.

V

O saddened soul! the night is past,
The morn, bright morn, has come at last;
The rage of sin its worst hath done,
Yet lives in power th' eternal Son.

VI

The dark hath vanished in the light;
O futile now, Satanic might;
Sin wounded lies, and death is slain
By Him who lives in power again.

VII

Hail, glorious morn! the Christ hath risen;
Hail Victor from the darkest prison!
Up, up, my soul! thy praises pour
To Christ, Thy God, for evermore.

I

Crown the Lord of glory,
Angels, crown your King;
Saints whose souls He ransomed,
Bring your offering;
Let no voice be silent,
Laud and honour bring.

II

Crown the Lord of glory,—
Once He dwelt below,
Bore the cross of sorrow,
Drank the cup of woe;
Now He reigns triumphant,
Let your praises flow.

III

Crown the Lord of glory,—
On the earth He wore
Purple robe that mocked Him,
Thorns His brow that tore;
Now His griefs are ended,
Praise Him evermore.

IV

Crown the Lord of glory,
For His work is done;
Crown the King of glory,
God's eternal Son;
In my life enthroned,
Be Thy reign begun!

I

O Christ, when on the shameful tree,
Thou bor'st such cruel pain for me,
Thine every member felt the smart,
And sent its sorrows to Thy heart.

II

A crown of thorns Thy temples tore,
Thy face, O Christ, vile spittings bore,
And cruel hands, O action base!
Smote Thee, defiant, in the face.

III

When in Thy thirst, men heard Thee call,
Thy lips were drenched with bitter gall;
And to Thine ears the words were borne
Of blasphemy and ribald scorn.

IV

Thy hands and feet with nails were riven,
The spear into Thy side was driven ;—
O Christ, when dying on the tree,
How great the pain Thou bor'st for me!

V

Now, by Thy Cross, Almighty King,
Salvation to the sinner bring,
And let Thy sacrifice for me
Teach me to sacrifice for Thee.

I

O God of love, whose mercy came
To this dark world of sin and shame,
And on a Cross of suffering sore,
That sin and shame in meekness bore.

II

Supreme the love the Christ displayed,
When He, True God, True Man was made;
When He was scorned, His patience then
Shone forth divine, with sinful men.

III

Did e'er such mercy lead the great
To stoop from high to low estate?
Did e'er such love incline the heart
To take the erring sinner's part?

IV

'Twas God who loved, 'twas God who gave
His Son our erring souls to save;
'Tis Christ that wins us by the love
From earth below to heaven above.

V

Win me, O Lord, whose mercy came
To this dark world of sin and shame,
To that bright world whose beauties shine
Forever in Thy love divine.

VI

To Thee, O Father, glory be,
And glory, Christ, God-Man, to Thee,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Now, and while countless ages run.

I

When Hades held the Lord of Life,
The boast of sin was vaunting high;
'Twas much to wound a sinless soul,
But more to see the God-Man die.

II

When Hades held the Lord of Life,
The gates were barred to hold Him fast.
No prison bars so closely drawn
Were e'er by soul of mortal passed.

III

When Hades held the Lord of Life,
Rejoicing, death beheld Him there;—
"Now close the ancient barriers draw,
And drive the prisoner to despair."

IV

O, blank surprise when Hades shook!
O, ringing joy through all the gloom!
Asunder fell the gates of night,
And rose the Conqueror from the tomb.

V

Immortal Saviour! death is dead,
No more it holds the souls of men;
For Thou hast crushed the power of sin,
And brought us back to life again.

I

When Thou, O Christ, upon the tree,
Wert bearing pain for sinful men,
The sun, lamenting, hid his face,
And clothed himself with darkness then;

II

And o'er the world, when noontide came,
The light grew faint and faded soon;
And men in wonder saw the dark
Bring in the night at hour of noon.

III

But, low in Hades' depths there shone
Such light as never shone before;
And prisoners saw the Light of lights,
And joyed to feel their bondage o'er.

IV

O blessed art Thou, Christ, our Lord,
For all the pain so meekly borne;
The dark that hid Thee in Thy woe,
Has ushered in a glorious morn.

I

To Thy Cross and Resurrection,
Laud and praise we humbly give;
In Thy death and life immortal,
We will die, and ever live.

II

Christ Incarnate! by Thy Manhood,
Thou to God hast brought me nigh;
Christ the humble! by Thy meekness,
Thou hast raised my horn on high.

III

Source of life! O Christ, the anguish
Borne upon the cruel tree
Lifts me to the bliss abiding,
Where from suffering, souls are free.

IV

Endless praises, bright and thankful,
Christ, to Thee be ever given,
By the souls in sorrow singing,
By the souls redeemed in heaven.

I

Light is dawning 'mong the hills,
Light of light Thy beams display,
All the darkness chase away,
Light that dawned upon our ills.

II

Dark the day the Cross was raised
By the hands of cruel men ;
Great Thy load of sorrow then ;
Angel hosts were sore amazed.

III

Dark the world while in the tomb,
Lone in death the Saviour lay,
Till the stone was rolled away,
And His Rising quelled the gloom.

IV

Fadeless now, O Light of light,
Glory of the Father, Thou,
Shine upon Thy people now,
Rise upon their darkest night.

I

Hail rising morn! for He hath risen;
Hail light that gilds the Eastern skies;
For, from the bonds of darkest prison,
Thy first beams saw the Christ arise.

II

O merciful and gracious One!
The gates of Hades Thou hast rent,
And by Thy Rising, Christ the Son,
No more we lie in bondage pent.

III

To-day the lips of Adam sing;
Eve hails the Christ of mankind born;
And patriarchs and prophets bring
Their hymns to greet the wondrous morn.

IV

And Thine the glory, Thine the power,
By glowing hearts in praise expressed;
For Thine the might, this glorious hour,
By which the sons of men are blessed.

I

We worship, Lord, before Thee now,
For great, and good, and pure art Thou.
O Christ, the God, our stumblings heal,
And lead us all Thy love to feel.

II

For of Thy will it pleased Thee well
Here, in our flesh, with us to dwell,
To bear the Cross, that we might be
From Satan's servitude set free.

III

Wherefore we cry aloud and praise,
With thankful voice, Thy name always;
For, O! our Saviour, Thou didst bring
The joy that makes our souls to sing.

I

Heavy laden with thy grief,
Do thy tears like raindrops flow?
Christ hath all thy sorrows borne
Long ago.

II

See Him in the garden, prone,
While He poured His soul to God;
Then He bore affliction keen,
And the rod.

III

Weary, laden with thy sin,
Dost thou bow beneath the load?
Cast the burden of thy woe,
On thy God.

IV

See Him faint beneath the load,
As He bears the ghastly tree ;
Hear His weary spirit sigh,
All for thee.

V

Sad and doubting, lo ! the sun
Shines upon a glorious day :
He is risen ! come, see the place
Where He lay.

VI

Glory to our suffering Lord,
Praise to our exalted King,—
Source of life and endless bliss,—
Let us bring.

I

To Thee, O Christ, our God,
Great Shepherd, who didst bear
The wandering sheep that strayed
Back to Thy shepherd care;

II

Who, pitying, gav'st Thy life,
That we might stray no more,—
To Thee our hearts we raise,
And Thee our songs adore.

III

Blest Spirit, source of life,
From Hades' fearful gloom
Thou brought'st the Shepherd, Christ,
Who lay in mortal tomb,

IV

That He might still provide,
And tend, and guard, and keep,
Where'er His flock, abides
One Shepherd, of His sheep.

I

Glory shone within the gloom,
Vacant eyes in wonder gazed;
Shook the portals of the tomb,
And the prisoners stood amazed.

II

"Who is this in garb of light,
Come to chase our night away?
Who is this in glorious might,
Brings to us eternal day?"

III

"Back! the triumph has been won;"
Prone the powers of darkness lie,
At the feet of God's own Son,
Fresh from fields of victory.

IV

Glory, glory, life is ours!
Hades heard the shout and feared;
Sin and all satanic powers
Saw the Victor as He neared.

V

Burst the gates and cast them down,
Set the sighing prisoners free;
Fear not though the tyrant frown,
Christ hath purchased liberty,

VI

Sin is crushed and death is slain,
See the Cross and Him who died!
From the grave He rose again,
Who for man was crucified.

VII

Hail! the Resurrection day,
Hail! the gladness and the gain;
"He is risen," the angels say,
Yea, the Lord is risen again.

I

When Adam heard the voice of sin
And fell before its power,
The flowers of Paradise were shorn
Of beauty in that hour.

II

And clouds obscured the heavenly light,
And e'en the stars were dim;
For O 'twas night, and only night,
Dark night 'twixt God and him.

III

"O whence that flashing sword that gleams?
And whence those angels there?"
Out from the garden of their bliss,
Was thrust the guilty pair.

IV

Life is not theirs, the tree of Life
The Cherubim surround ;
Death dogs our guilty parents' steps,
Curse blasts the fertile ground.

V

O dreary, dreary, dark and dread,
O misery of sin !
"God make another garden fair,
And take Thy wanderers in."

VI

All praise to Christ our glorious Lord,
For sin and death are slain ;
The gates of heaven are open wide,
And life is ours again.

I

Within the garden's sombre shade,
The Christ of God in anguish prayed;—
And who that agony could tell,
As from his brow the blood-drops fell?

II

"Can you not watch one hour?" He saith,
"My soul is sorrowful to death."
But He alone the vigil kept,
While worn disciples slumbering slept.

III

O dark the cloud that threatening hung,
And sore the grief His soul that wrung,—
The hate of man, the guilty name,
The bitter Cross, the sin and shame.

IV

"If I must drink this cup," He prayed,
"The burden bear upon me laid,
My God, I bow Me to Thy will,
And meekly Thy behest fulfil."

V

My soul, when to the garden led,
And clouds are gathering overhead,
When none the hour of anguish shares,
To God direct thy earnest prayers.

VI

"Thy will be done, Thy will is best,—
Even then the bitter cup is blest,—
If 'tis Thy will the cup I'll drain,
Despite the agony of pain."

PENTECOST

Ἔργῳ, ὡς πάλαι τοῖς μαθηταῖς ἐπηγγείλω.

I

Even as Thou saidst, the Spirit came,
In fiery tongues of living flame;
And men were moved to spread abroad,
The Wisdom of th' Incarnate God.

II

And nations heard the truth, and gave
Their souls to Him who came to save;
And toiling in their sins, arose
The power of Satan to oppose.

III

Even as Thou saidst; the Spirit's power
Came at the Pentecostal hour,
And drooping souls with zeal were fired,
And felt the life that power inspired.

IV

Even as Thou saidst, the Spirit's voice
Spake to dull hearts, and bade rejoice;
And men that dwelt in sorrow's night,
Felt hope awake as morning light.

V

Even as Thou saidst; His power can still
Our empty lives to fulness fill;
Can charge with hope, with zeal inspire,
And kindle life, and light, and fire.

VI

Even as Thou saidst!—O Spirit, come,
Make with Thy people here Thy home;
In all their need Thy gifts supply,
And Christ our Lord still glorify.

I

O MAY the Spirit of all grace
Descend and in our hearts abide,
And what of good or ill betide,
Find in them aye a resting-place.

II

There is no peace to mortals given,
Save when the Spirit finds His rest
Within the secret of our breast,
And there inspires the calm of heaven.

III

Our earthly calms a storm presage,
They whisper peace, and tempests rise,
And clouds obscure the brightest skies,
And winds, and waves in tumult rage.

IV

No storm disturbs the heavenly peace,
No whispering fills the soul with fears
As when the brooding tempest nears,
And clouds around our path increase.

V

'Tis lasting calm, 'tis heavenly rest;
Come, Spirit of the Living God,
And in our spirits shed abroad
The peace that makes the troubled blest.

COMMUNION

I

Let Thy Blood in mercy poured,
Let thy gracious Body broken,
Be to me, O gracious Lord
Of Thy boundless love the token;
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

II

Thou didst die that I might live;—
Blessed Lord Thou cam'st to save me;
All that love of God could give,
Jesus by His sorrows gave me;—
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

III

By the thorns that crowned Thy brow,
  By the spear wound and the nailing;
By the pain and death I now
  Claim, O Christ, Thy love unfailing;
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

IV

Wilt Thou own the gift I bring?
  All my penitence I give Thee;
Thou art my exalted King,
  Of Thy matchless love forgive me;—
Thou didst give Thyself for me,
Now I give myself to Thee.

I

O Lord of bounty, let this bread
  Be Thy pure Body unto me;
And let the wine in symbol poured,
  Tell of the glorious Mystery;—
O let me here Thy presence feel;
And all my sins in mercy heal.

II

I am not worthy to partake
  Of Thy pure Body, gracious Lord;
Nor of the Blood so freely shed
  By Thee, O Thou Incarnate Word;
Yet grant Thy presence unto me,
And let me now commune with Thee.

JUDGMENT

I

When in the clouds the Lord appears,
And angels stand around His throne;
When judgment fills the soul with fears,
And none can aught of sin disown;—
Spare me, O Lord, Thy creature spare,
And let my soul Thy mercy share.

II

Even in Thy judgment mercy shew;—
But ere that awful day awakes,
Make me my guilty state to know,
And from my evil courses break;—
Spare me, O Lord, Thy creature spare,
And let my soul Thy mercy share.

III

For Thou art pitiful and kind,
And Thou hast died, O Judge of men,
That, ere the Judgment, I may find
The path that leads to life again ;—
Spare me, O Lord, Thy creature spare,
And let my soul Thy mercy share.

IV

I have no penitence nor tears,
I have no merit of my own ;
But, ah ! my soul is filled with fears,
And gladly would its sin disown ;—
Spare me, O Lord, Thy creature spare,
And let my soul Thy mercy share.

V

And bring me nigh the throne of grace,
That, ere the day of Judgment dire,
I may behold Thy loving face,
And flee Thine all consuming ire ;—
Spare me, O Lord, Thy creature spare,
And let my soul Thy mercy share.

VI

Swift draws the day of Judgment nigh ;
  Wake, wake, my soul, the Judge is near !
And call for mercy while thy cry
  Can enter His inclining ear ;—
Spare me, O Lord, Thy creature spare,
And let my soul Thy mercy share.

I

The Bridegroom comes! My soul, awake,
And slumber from thine eyelids shake;
Hark! in the midnight hour the cry;
Bestir, my soul, for He is nigh.

II

Now trim your lamp, and let its light
Illume the darkness of the night;
And with the tarrying host attend
The Bridegroom, as the Bridegroom's friend.

III

Hast thou no oil? O foolish soul!
Why didst thou not the hours control?
Why in the darkness slumber still,
Without the oil your lamp to fill?

IV

Go, get your oil,—but no, too late!
The Bridegroom's come, and closed the
gate;—
"O let me knock, for He is kind,
And will not leave my soul behind."

V

"O let me in, my lamp's aglow;
How could I, Lord, Thy coming know?
'Twas night, I slumbered,—let me in:
Forgive, O Lord, forgive my sin."

VI

Too late! The time has gone apace;
Too late, 'tis gone, the hour of grace;
O soul of mine, awake, awake,
And slumber from thine eyelids shake.

I

O JUDGE of all, when sinful men
To Thy dire judgment seat are brought,—
Tell not the error of my life,
O tell it not.

II

When bowed with grief my tears are shed,
Because my life with sin is fraught,
To angel hosts tell not my sin,
O tell it not.

III

O hide the secrets of my soul,
And give the pardon I have sought,
And to the myriads round Thy throne,
O tell them not.

IV

O merciful and just Thou art ;
In pity view my woeful lot,
And shame me not because of sin,—
O tell it not.

I

I BROUGHT my merits to the throne,
And set them forth in order there;
I said, "O Lord, Thy servant own,
And let his brow the garland wear;
The grace and virtue of his life,
He won as victor in the strife."

II

The song that erstwhile filled the place,
Where high the throne of Christ was set,
Grew faint, as on each pensive face
Joy mixed with pain, and pity met;—
Their song had told the debt they owed,
And how the Christ His grace bestowed.

III

O, silence fell, so sharp and chill,—
  My soul to meanness pined and shrank,
Forth went my cry in accent shrill,
  "My Lord, have I no grace to thank?"
Its echo dying, lingered, sank,
"My Lord, have I no grace to thank?"

IV

I saw His piercéd hands and side,
  I saw the thorn-wounds on His brow,—
"My Lord, forgive my sinful pride,
  Accept my sore repentance now;"
Then rose high heaven's adoring prayers,
My grateful song went forth with theirs.

I

The time is drawing nigh,
Even now the day is near,
When Christ from heaven high
To Judgment shall appear ;—
Keep watch, my soul, in fear,
The Judge of men is near.

II

Then kings and princes great,
The rich and poor shall meet ;
And high and low estate,
Shall gather round His feet ;—
Keep watch, my soul, in fear,
The Judge of men is near.

III

No crafty words shall mar,
Nor sophistry distract;
No parrying counsel jar
With the eternal fact;—
Keep watch, my soul, in fear,
The Judge of men is near.

IV

O Christ, in mercy then,
Forbid my soul should go
With lost and ruined men
Down to the place of woe;—
Keep watch, my soul, in fear,
The Judge of men is near.

ASPIRATIONS

I

I SOUGHT the Lord at early morn,
When earth awoke to see the light;
And to my soul a light was borne
That quelled the darkness of my night;
He heard my prayer at early morn,
And light into my heart was borne.

II

I sought the Lord when noontide shone,
And head and hand earth's duties shared;
"I am Thy servant, Lord, alone,"
I said, and told Him how I fared;
He heard my prayer as I drew near,
And kept me at my task, sincere.

III

I sought the Lord when evening fell,
And night came gliding on apace ;
For I had sins my Lord to tell,
And He is full of pardoning grace ;
He heard my prayer, and bade me rest,
And in His love my soul was blest.

IV

At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray,
And Thou, O Lord, my prayer wilt hear,
For Thou art near my path alway,
To aid, to comfort, or to cheer ;
No hour too early, none too late,
To knock imploring at Thy gate.

V

O Jesus Christ, to Thee be praise,
'Tis Thou hast taught my soul to pray,
For Thou didst speak with God always,
At morn, at noon, at close of day ;
And Thou hast said He hears the prayer,
The longing soul breathes everywhere.

I

O, TOUCH my heart, and bring to mind
The sin I should deplore ;
And give me grace, Thou God most kind,
That I may sin no more.

II

O, touch my heart till tears run fast,
In penitence sincere ;
And may the memories of the past
Teach me to walk in fear.

III

For I have strayed, and Thou hast sought,
And I have strayed again ;
O, may the wanderer Thou hast brought
Within Thy fold remain.

IV

O, touch my heart, till love arise,
And claim me for Thine own ;
Then shall I learn with glad surprise,
That I am Thine alone.

V

For love knows no divided heart,
Nor grudges service given ;
But gives the life in every part,
And serves in earth and heaven.

I

The wealth of high estate,
  The silver and the gold,
The glory of the great,
  The wisdom of the old,—
Death seizes all, they pass away,
For all on earth is vanity.

II

Why seek the vain that dies?
  The life begirt by death?
The fame, the power that flies
  With the expiring breath?
The good that carries ill besides,
And for a fleeting hour abides?

III

Are there no gains that last,
To bless the soul for aye,
When passing things are past,
And things of earth decay?
Are there no joys that linger long
In sweetness, like a heavenly song?

IV

Arise, my soul, arise!
The husks of time disdain,
And wing thee to the skies,
Where there is lasting gain;
Where moth nor rust can mock thy toil,
Nor subtle thief break through to spoil.

V

O Christ, for Thee we long,
'Tis Thee our spirits need;
They only life prolong
Who on Thy bounties feed;
And they have wealth, and high estate,
And endless bliss who on Thee wait.

I

I LIFT my hands, and with my heart,
My prayer ascends to Thee;
In mercy take a sinner's part,
Lord, send Thy help to me.

II

Lo! in the mire of sin I lie,
My raiment all defiled;
O come and set me up on high,
And save Thy fallen child.

III

I cannot cleanse the filthy stains,—
I can but mourn and sigh;
Do what I may, the guilt remains,
I fail oft' as I try.

IV

In mercy, Lord, Thy mercy send,
For merciful art Thou;
And prove Thyself the sinner's Friend,—
O come and help me now.

V

And let my life be ordered quite,
As Thou wouldst have it be;
When I am wrong, O set me right,—
Lord, come and succour me.

VI

And hold me up, lest to the mire
Of sin my soul return;
O let Thy love my spirit fire,
And base affections burn.

VII

And glory to my God I'll give,
And glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit while I live,
Great, Blessed, Three in One.

I

Arise, my soul, and gaily sing
The praise of thine Immortal King;
The heavens His matchless power adore,—
Awake, and sing for evermore.

II

The morning dawns at His command,
And lights the world o'er sea and land;
And upwards, see the sun arise,
To shed its glories from the skies.

III

But falls the twilight o'er our heads,
And night its sable curtain spreads;
For all His kingly words obey,—
The dark of night, the light of day.

IV

O heavenly King, in every soul,
The darkness of our night control ;
And 'mid the blackness of that night,
Speak Thou the word, " Let there be light."

V

And as the morn from darkness springs,
To speed to earth on silent wings,
A dawn more glorious shall awake,
And bright upon our spirits break.

VI

O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And fill our souls with glad surprise ;
Nor into dark of night decline,
But aye at noontide brightly shine.

VII

All glory to the God of Might,
And to the Son, the Light of light ;
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Eternal while the ages run.

I

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light triumphant breaks;
When beauty gilds the eastern hills,
And life to joy awakes.

II

Not as of old, a little child
To bear, and fight, and die,
But crowned with glory like the sun,
That lights that morning sky.

III

O, brighter than the rising morn,
When He, victorious rose,
And left the lonesome place of death,
Despite the rage of foes;—

IV

O, brighter than that glorious morn,
Shall this fair morning be,
When Christ, our King, in beauty comes,
And we His face shall see.

V

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And earth's dark night is past ;—
O, haste the rising of that morn,
That day that aye shall last.

VI

And let the endless bliss begin,
By weary saints foretold,
When right shall triumph over wrong,
And truth shall be extolled.

VII

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light and beauty brings ;—
Hail ! Christ the Lord ; Thy people pray
Come quickly, King of kings.

I

THINK on me, Lord, for Thou art kind,
And I am needy, poor, and blind,
And let the gifts Thou hast in store,
Enrich me daily, more and more.

II

I have no food my soul to feed,
Be Thou my Bread of Life indeed;
My parchèd spirit sighs, O give
The stream of Life that I may live.

III

My filthy raiment I disown,
Clothe with Thy righteousness alone,
And I shall walk approved by Thee,
Clad in Thy robe of purity.

IV

I have no strength ; in evil hour
I fall beneath temptation's power ;
Be Thou my strength, and I shall stand
Upheld by Thine outstretched hand.

V

I cannot see the path to tread,
And blindly by my sins am led ;
Come to my blindness, give me sight
That I may shape my course aright.

VI

I cannot live if Thou deny
The prayer uplifted with my cry ;
I cannot die,—in mercy give
Thy grace, that I may die or live.

VII

Think on me, Lord, for Thou art kind,
And I am needy, poor, and blind ;
And let the gifts Thou hast in store,
Enrich me daily, more and more.

I

Because Thy mercy is so great,
Lord, think upon my needy state,
And deign to give the help I need,—
The Bread of Life my soul to feed.

II

They cannot live whose souls are fed
On what this foolish world calls bread;
For lack of food the spirit sighs,
And, weak and weary, faints and dies.

III

O may the hidden manna give
The strength I need that I may live;
And may that life be spent for Thee
Who came and lived on earth for me.

IV

O Jesus Christ, the living Bread,
Now at the table Thou hast spread,
Think of me in my utmost need,
And let me on Thy bounties feed.

I

I CANNOT lift mine eyes,
For, O, my sin is great,—
High as the hills that rise
Up, up to heaven's gate,—
I cannot lift mine eyes,
So great my sin, so great.

II

But I would smite my breast,
And bow me at the Cross,
And well He knows the rest,
My pain, my grief, my loss;—
Yea, I would smite my breast,
And bow me at His Cross.

III

Mayhap when I have told
The burden of my sin,
He'll make my spirit bold,
And speak, and soothe, and win;—
All this when I have told
The burden of my sin.

IV

Then shall I lift mine eyes,
And see the sin removed,
And in the radiant skies
Behold the Well Beloved;—
Then shall I lift mine eyes,
And see my sin removed.

I

When at Thy feet, oppressed,
The burdened sinner falls,
And, woeful and distressed,
Upon Thy mercy calls,—
O hear the penitential prayer,
Forgive the burdened sinner there.

II

Did'st Thou not send the Son,
To shew the Father's grace,
To bid a world undone
Arise and seek His face?
And wilt Thou not in mercy say,
"Thy many sins I take away"?

III

Yea, Thou wilt not despise
  The soul's uplifted prayer;
Nor when our hopes arise,
  Plunge us in deep despair;
But wilt forgive the evil done,
Through Christ the Well Beloved Son.

IV

O Jesus Christ, by Thee
  The Father's grace is found,
And pardon full, and we
  With every good abound,—
We see Thee nailed upon the tree,
And know all blessing comes from Thee.

I

Because I was brought low,
And sin had triumphed quite,
Thou God, all good, didst bow,
And seek me in the night.

II

And Thou didst lift me up,
For Thou wert lifted high,
When on the Cross Thou gav'st
Thyself for man to die.

III

Thou Life, Immortal Life!
O, full of sympathy!
Clothed with my flesh Thou cam'st
From Thy felicity.

IV

To burst our mortal bands,
And vanquish in the strife,
And dead, from death arise,
Crowned with immortal life.

V

To Father and to Son,
To Thee, blest Spirit, praise,
Here on the earth, and there
Where live the endless days.

I

O God of life, in whom we live,
The bounties of Thy favour give,
And teach our souls to soar;
That, at the source of every good,
Our life may find its needful food,
And live for evermore.

II

O Lord of mercy, by whose grace
The sinner seeks the Father's face,
And finds a welcome there;
When fears the trembling soul distress,
And sins the aching heart oppress,
O Lord of mercy, spare.

III

And say to Him who loves Thee best,
And sent Thee to a world distressed,
His blessing to impart,—
"Hear Thou the sinner's mournful cries,
Accept his proferred sacrifice,
A broken, contrite heart."

IV

Blest Spirit, who in holy flame,
At Pentecost all powerful came,—
Our sin-stained souls renew;
And by Thine all-consuming fire,
Consume our sin and vile desire,
And make us pure and true.

V

To God who dwells in highest heaven,
Be endless praise and glory given,—
And praise to Christ the Son.
And to the Holy Spirit blest,
For comfort and for gifts the best,—
Immortal Three in One.

I

By Thine own hand the gift was given
Of wealth, and hope of highest heaven;
But, fool at heart, Thy grace was spurned,
And from my Father's house I turned.

II

O, hear my plaint, I cry to Thee;
Be pitiful, and pardon me,
For I have sinned; O, give me grace
To seek in penitence Thy face.

III

Yea, I repent in anguish low;
Give me again Thy love to know;
And if a servant's place remain,
Take me in mercy back again.

I

LORD, Thou art good and kind,
And full of tender grace;
Now make Thy countenance to shine,
And let me see Thy face.

II

For O, my heart is sad,
Because my sin I know;
And though I strive, I fail,
And still ungodly grow.

III

And all my aims are lost,
And all my striving vain,—
Wilt Thou refresh my soul,
And visit me again?

IV

'Tis morning when the sun
Upon the mountain glows;
'Tis evening when the shade
Upon the valleys grows;

V

And when Thy face I see,
'Tis morning in my soul;
But when Thou turn'st away,
The evening shadows roll.

VI

And night comes on apace,
And all forlorn I sigh;—
O, bid the morning dawn,
Look on me lest I die.

VII

O, Thou art good and kind,
And full of tender grace;
Now make Thy countenance to shine,
And let me see Thy face.

I

O Lord of Life, when mortals call,
And freedom seek from earthly thrall,
Hear Thou in heaven and save us all,
In mercy, Lord.

II

O Full of Mercy, when we groan,
Because of sin our spirits own,
Hear, who for sinners didst atone,
In mercy, Lord.

III

O Full of Pity, when we bear
To Thy blest feet our cankering care,
Take of our weary load a share,
In mercy, Lord.

IV

O Full of Grace! when sufferers tell
The grief Thou knowest, Lord, so well,
Come, with the broken-hearted dwell,
In mercy, Lord.

V

When, lured by hope, our spirits rise
To where Thou beckonest from the skies;
Then, be eternal life the prize,
In mercy, Lord.

I

I WANDERED sore distressed,
All weary and forlorn ;
I had no place to rest,
Of all my pleasures shorn,—
My thirsting spirit sighed,
And in the desert cried.

II

The Shepherd heard my cry,
Who came His flock to find,
And drew in mercy nigh,
For He is wondrous kind ;
His winning voice awoke
My spirit as He spoke

III

He bade my wandering cease,
  And gave my heart a home,
That, from the bliss of peace,
  I might no longer roam ;—
He gave me hope for fears,
And lasting joy for tears.

I

God sent me to the desert wild,
Where all is parched with endless drought,
For I had grown a wayward child,
And now my sin had found me out ;—
He sent me to the desert drear,
And, ah! my soul was charged with fear.

II

I wandered where the brooks were dry,
While memory wove a dismal song,
And to my God I raised my cry,
And sang my dirge the whole day long;—
For I was in the desert drear,
And, ah! my soul was charged with fear.

III

The God of grace His comfort sent,
And soon the desert blossomed fair,
While round my path, where'er I went,
Sweet flowers poured forth their odours rare ;—
He sent me to a desert drear,
Now flowers and luscious fruits appear.

IV

O God, when by the path of sin,
We reach the land where famine reigns ;
And dread possesses all within,
And all around are woes and pains ;—
Then make the world a desert rare,
Of joys upspringing everywhere.

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